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Billy's Adventure.

By Martha McCullough Williams.

hated it was hauling water. Not that the work itself was hard, or in any way dis-agreeable, but because he loved the spring back, Billy! I am dying for a fresh drink!" or "Make haste, Billy. We can't do a thing, not even put on the pudding, until the water

It was hard, you will admit, thus to hold and bind a boy 15 years old, who was simply pining to wade in the deep pools, and set flutter mills in the dancing shallows, to say nothing of fishing at the Ten Foot hole, where the spring branch leaped foamily into the creek. The spring came out half way to a tall bluff and danced down over sheer rocks richly embroidered with lichen and led into a trough hollowed from long, siender logs, which was fixed in crocheted uprights some ten feet from the ground. The troughs went quite to the roadside. Billy drove his barrel underneath it and let the spouting stream go plump into the squared

So the filling was ridiculously easy; and as for driving the slide, that was as good as play. It was no load at all for Merry Tom, the chunky pony. Going springward, Billy Boy rode him; coming home, he walked be- of my work." side, flourishing and cracking his plaited leather whip.

whip cracked so loudly as the outfit reached the spring any one who knew Billy would

"Here. Give me the bushes-I'll fix them while you hold the horse," the stranger and the springside so, and his mother was said, fetching a hand out his pocket. There sure to call after him as he started: "Hurry | was a knife in it so keen and sharp when it was opened it awoke Billy to covetous ness. By help of it, in a trice the boughs were in place, though Billy-Boy could not quite understand why in the placing the stranger meddled so much with the wedge-

shaped board that went into the bung.
"I'll tell mother who's comin'—she'll be sure to have a place for you." he shouted to Brother Amos, determinedly taking the road ahead of him. For the first time in fifteen years' water-hauling Merry Tom had to trot uphill with a full barret.

The sheriff, riding out of the Clark gate, moss and fern. Some part of the water was almost swore at sight of Brother Amos' companion. "To think of ketchin' him, when we'd about give him up!" he said to the man at his elbow, then spurred to the side of the buggy, crying out; "Halt! You're my prisoner! Hold up your hands!'

"Who is your prisoner. Explain yourself, Mr. Sheriff?" Brother Amos said with dignity. "You can scarcely mean me-it is still more impossible you can mean my friend Bradley, who is a philanthropic man of means, traveling with me to fearn the needs

"Didn't he stay all night at the Frankeather whip.

Upon a certain October Wednesday the daylight this morning?" the sheriff demanded. "Another man stayed there, too-a monds worth \$50,000. He had them last have been certain he had a new and espe- traveling man, with a packet of unset diacially acute grievance. It was drawing on hight—the man you call Bradley knew he to 4 o'clock, but still very warm. There had had them, because he looked at some of

he drove and shaped them into a noose. Not for naught had he practiced throwing a It was a near cast-so near a miss would have been disgraceful-but next minuto Mr. Bradley found the rope settling over his arms and being drawn tight, while Billy yelled lustily: "Father! Mother! Brother Amos! Wake up and see what I've caught."

Philanthropist Bradley, it turned out, was an all-round crook, the head of a gang that had shadowed the diamond salesman ever ince he left the city. All unwittingly, prother Amos had been made to serve their urn. He had met one of the gang while vorking as a prison missionary, and had iven the man his address, promising to help im when he came out. If you think after is adventure Billy was not something of hero, you had better ask his mother. She will tell you that he never hauled another

WHEN THE POPE WAS A BOY.

Some New Stories of the Early Childhood of Pope Leo XIII. It is a long time since Pope Leo XIII was a little boy, for it was 88 years ago

on March 2 that he came into the family of Colonel Ludovico Pecci. The colonel and his beautiful wife lived in a palace situated in the little village of Carpineto and had already been blessed with five sons and two daughters before little Joachim Vincenzo was born. For more than 20 years the Pecci family had resided in Carpineto, fighting hard for Italy whenever called upon, but by no means rich, though their palace was comfortable. Their fare was simple, for dinner soup, roast of beef or fowl and fruit. The children ate nothing but eggs and milk. Little Vincenzo, or Nino, as he was called,

had for his playmate and elder brother John Baptista, called Titta for short, who was always building altars and playing at church. While Nino was most fond of horses, yet the wild Nino was to become pope, while Titta was to marry and take his father's place in Carpineto. The boys soon found the palace too small for them



NOT FOR NAUGHT HAD HE PRACTICED TRYING TO THROW THE LASSO.

been no frost to nip the asters and golden- | them, and even spoke of buying. This was | over the hills near their home. One day them. All the mile betwixt spring and house not there; then as the traveling man was he had been muttering. "Think they might sure he had been chloroformed, and as Brad-a-let me stayed to hear the last," or "Reckon ley's room had opened on the same porch—" Here Nino broke in: "Aquino, where the nothin' about hearin' nothin' in the world."

Still, he had heard something-enough, at least, to tell vaguely. So he brightened per- | Sheriff, I do not blame you in the least. dusty buggy, with a tired looking horse. As searched at once. I am a total stranger. It he came up one of them hailed Billy: I'm glad to see you. I've been clean lost this half hour-it's good to find myself anywhere about Squire Clark's."

"Howdy, brother Amos! It's funny-you gettin' lost! Thought you'd rode the circuit till you knew every pig track," Billy said, beamingly. Brother Amos, the colporteur, a worn-out itinerant, was a prime favorite with all the boys, he had such a knack of fetching exactly the books they wanted, books that had blood and fighting in them, and good boys who did not die young of their own goodness.

"It is funny, I never hit on this crossroad before-I've often heard of your spring." Brother Amos returned. "What's the good word up at the house, Billy? Any chance for travelers to stay all night?"

"Plenty-at least I reckon so," Billy answered, his sense of news to tell suddenly checking hospitality. "Reason I say that, I don't just know how things'll be when we get there. I left the sheriff there and 'bour a dozen more men-and they were tellin' how the man they were after had stole 'bout \$1,000,000 in town last night-and gone chasin' off in a buggy this mornin' as if he hadn't done a thing."

"Dear me, why we came from town! We heard nothing of all this!" Brother Amos said, turning to his companion, who yawned and shook his head. Then suddenly he sat upright and looked at Billy with a very keen pair of eyes. The barrel was by this time underneath the spout and filling very fast. The stranger got out of the buggy and went beside it, peering into its depths as though it were something out of the common.

"Here's a new style of water works-ch. laugh, then to Billy, "Tell me how you get the water out?"

'Easy enough! Don't you see the spile there at the bottom?" Billy-Boy retorted, listening to the 'possum hunters and wishover his shoulder. He was busy cutting dogwood boughs to shade the barrel in transit and keep the water cool. As he turned with both hands full a vicious fly made Merry

BEECHAMS

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evidence," the man called Bradley said calmly, stepping from the buggy. ceptibly as he drew to the spring, for other ! Your mistake is not merely natural-it is thirsty folk were there-two men in a very inevitable. Now, in justice, I ask to be had been arranged by letter that Brother "Howdy, sonny! Dear bless my soul, but Amon should call for me at daylight. He met me at the steps of the Franklin houseunless I am m'staken, anybody will accept his word for truth. We have been together ever since Ask him, please, if I have parted with, thrown away, or in any way answered.

disposed of anything." "He certainly has not," Brother Amos said. "Mr. Sheriff, 1-"

"Thank you," Bradley interrupted. "Now, if I took the diamonds, carried them off and have not parted with them, I must have them still. Gentlemen, I implore you to look for them. It seems to me I can hardly breathe until the charge is refuted."

Fifteen minutes later the sheriff was saying humbly, "Beg your pardon, Mr. Bradley-as you say you couldn't a-swallowed them stones-there were too many, even if you'd been an ostrich. And certain it is, I find no sign of 'em anywhere about your clothes. You saw 'em-you know they were there, and real diamonds, wrapped in tinfoil inside a pocket case of metal. Now, if I should happen to light on 'em while you're in these parts, will you help 'dentify 'em, to prove you bear no malice for this blunder?

"My dear sir, don't speak of it," Bradley murmured. "You forget the interest I still have in the matter. It would give me the greatest pleasure to see those unlucky stones again in the right hands."

Billy had never heard such stories as Bradley told that night on the porch after supper. Still, he did not like the man. It gave him a creepy feeling, when, after he had lighted the visitors to their chamber. Brother Amos," he said, with a gurgling Bradley shook hands and said: "Dear boy, pray for me." It was late-almost 12 o'clock snug in bed. For an hour he thrashed about, ing himself out with them. His own dog Bose answered spasmodically the barkings from the woods. All at once Billy heard a low, sharp growl, then a violent yelp, as though Bose had been struck heavily. He flung up a window, but could see nothing. Clouds lay thick over the moon; in another hour it would come on to rain. Again he heard Bose, this time a sort of growling whine that was lost and smothered in a curious rushing sound, the noise of gushing

water falling from a little height. "I wonder who can be drawing water this time of night!" Billy said to himself then, as the noise kept up he gave a little excited whistle, leaped through the window, which opened on the roof of the low back porch, ran along it and dropped softly

to the ground. The water barrel sat always under the big. white oak twenty yards away. Bradley stood beside it, with his back to the house. had taken out the spile and held his fingers in the stream, trying to break up and deaden the sound of its flowing.

"If you had to haul water I reckon you'd not waste it so free," Billy-Boy said, clutching him by both arms. Bradley writhed about snarling and tried to strike the boy with the sharp, cruel knife. Billy sprang lightly aside, caught a slide stake and dealt his enemy a blow on the wrist that made him drop the knife and groan. "Boy!" he whispered hoarsely, "Help me-you must, They are there-in that barrel-the diamonds, you know. Help me get them out -you shall have half-think how rich they will make you-and nobody need know I'd never help a man mean enough to kick

rod. All the wayside was gorgeous with at 1 o'clock—at 8 the diamonds were missed. Nino and his father were walking on one them, their flowery mass flecked here and So was Bradley. Then it came out that he there with reddening sumach or yellow and had been seen leaving so early. We searched ling out the beauties of nature to the boy, purple briers. But Billy had no eyes for the house until sure the fost stones were "There is Aquino in the distance and there Montecassino." said the count, for he had

A strong case of circumstantial father of the church, St Montecassino, where he learned to read and write. Babbo, can't I go there to learn as he did, how a man should read and write? The count questioned the child further and learned that the child, then 7 years old knew the story of St. Thomas Aquinas as well as he did that of Napoleon, who was then the scourge of Europe. When the count told his wife about it he said: "I am disappointed; I wanted to make a soldier of him, a general at least."

at boarding school.

this Latin verse:

Bessor.

in them.

vell at this age?

It may be freely translated:

Vincent Pecci's my name, still a small

Great are thy virtues, Pavoni, happy pos

O would that I. Pecci, might imitate these

How many boys in America could do as

ORCHID HUNTING.

Perils and Prizes of the Search in

Tropical Islands.

The most part, however, go for revenue only

Statistics are uninteresting-still, it is

runs well up into the hundred thousands,

and collectors with nerve enough to pay

\$5,000 for a single specimen-provided it be

sufficiently unique. Further, there was at

least one grower long-headed enough to re-

fuse more than \$5,000 for an absolutely

unique plant. It was seedless and could be

multiplied only by the tedious process of

rooting leaf cuttings-hence, he saw his

profit in such multiplication, and preferred

to sell a hundred plants at a thousand each,

even though he had to wait some years to

Such men stand back of the orchid hunt-

ers proper. Usually three or four Europeans

go together to a tropic port, engage from

of supplies, and strike straight into the

wildest interior. Often the men carry

everything; sometimes there is a bullock

train, or even a train of bullock carts. But

tropics, wherein the hunters find their choic-

It is like a fairy tale to talk with one of

300 feet high, literally covered with orchids

est treasures.

that is impracticable in the true virgin

fifty to a hundred natives, buy all manner

ability commands a high market price.

called, O Pavoni,

boy and weak;

In fact, the straight, lithe little fellow, order. But his taste seemed to run toward 12 years old) Count Ludovico sent them men round about. In that case woe to the the church, so father and mother, in fam- each a dollar, by way of encouragement. sacriligious outlanders who lay hand or foot ily council, decided to send him and his Nino had already written a sonnet in upon it. More than one expedition has been brother Joseph to the Jesuit college at Viterbo. The count thought little of the prospects of the youngest and said: "Yes, Joseph may become a Jesuit, but Nino will return and become the priest of Carpineto." But their mother knew her children better. "You are wrong. Joachim will become pope, Joseph will be a cardinal, and then I trust you will be satisfied."

It was a little while before this that an incident occurred, showing the kindheartedness of the future pope. He had been to Anagui, a neighboring village, with his tutor. While they were driving back home he saw a poor boy with torn and dirty clothes lying on a stone by the roadside. Nino stopped the carriage, jumped out and ran up to the poor boy, saying: "What's the matter with you? Is your leg broken?

'I don't know." the shepherd lad replied, as the tears ran down his dirty cheeks. "Ten minutes ago one of the shep herds was driving his cart fast through the street, and before I could jump out or the way it knocked me down and the wheel ran over my ankle. The man didn't listen to my cries, but drove right on. Ob, how . hurts!

Joachim ran to a hollow, where there was -still Billy could not sleep when he was a small brook, filed his cap with its clear water, and gave it to the boy to drink. Then he washed his foot and tied it up with his white hnen handkerchief. "Where do you live?" raid Nino.

"Way over there," said the boy, "You can't get there like this. Come to Carpineto with me, and we will help you." The poor boy smiled and limped to the carriage, leaning on the arm of his Lenefactor.

"What are you doing now, Joachim?" sald his tutor "What am I doing? What every true Christian ought to do; I am helping the

unfortunate. Could we leave this poor, little

wounded boy here helpless on the road?" "Do you want to take him home? What will father and mother say?" "They will say that I have acted rightly. Is it so extraordinary to succor a wounded child? Wouldn't any one do the same

thing in my place? The teacher slapped him kindly on the shoulder and all rode on to Carpineto. Joachim's mother was angry at her son at first when she saw a stranger in the carriage, but when she had heard the story she sent for the family physician and had him attend to the suffering boy. Joachim had tears of joy in his eyes while the ankle

was being properly cared for. 'Did I do right, mother?" said he. "Yes, my dear child, your act was a noble one, ' and proudly and joyfully she folded

him to her motherly heart. The hoys were sent to their Uncle Antonio in Rome, to be prepared for the Viterbo school, where they entered October, 1818, whence a letter came from their the returned explorers. You hear of trees "I'd know myself-that's enough-besides teacher, delighting their anxious mother: "Vincenzo's work is remarkable; I consider or maybe a half dozen species, each grow-Bose," Billy-Boy said. In the dark he had him a little angel. Reply." And their its in its own distinct zone or altitude.

"Well, what is the difference? You may mother sent them some of the home-made Some flourish only upon the uppermost airy make a pope of him instead," his mother cakes, so dear to the hearts of all children boughs, others riot over the big crotches where the branches come together, still oth-When later their teacher reported that ers ring with blossom the mossy boll, runwith his eager face and happy, laughing his pupils had acquitted themselves well ning up maybe 100 feet to the lowest limb. eyes, gave promise of a knight of the first in a scholarly disputation (Nino was then Sometimes a tree is the fetish of the wild

Danderine Scalp Tonic. Trial size, 25c; large \$1.00. For sale by all druggists.

Italian and was trying his hand at Latin massacred for such cause. The destruction ve. ses. On the occasion of a visit to the of such a tree scattered and dispersed one of the savagest native tribes. school by a famous Jesuit, Vincenzo Pavoni, Their titular tree stood in a sort of glade Vincenzo Pecci, then 11 years old, wrote -it had been seen by several hunting par-Nomine Vincenti quo tu. Pavone, vocaris, ties, but none of them dared touch it. When Parvulus atque insans Peccius ipse vocar; they went home their accounts of it so Quas er virtules magnas, Pavone, secutus, wrought upon the fancy of an English collector that he offered an almost fabulous O Utinam possim Peccius ipse sequi. sum for a section of the flower-wreathed Vincent is the name by which thou art trunk. Next year the orchid hunters found the native tribe at war, and taking advan-

tage of the diversion, cut down the tree and sent a segment down to the coast, where, after many trials and tribulations, it was got safe aboard ship and in the end was the season's wonder of a London conservatory. The native wershipers coming back to find what havor had been wrought, at once decided that their god had deserted them in anger, hastened to make peace, and ended by going in a mass to live at the other side

Other than human enemies attack the orchid hunters. One flower, especially beautiful and of the most exquisite fragrance, Should Uncle Sam decide to keep all grows only in the tree tops, and so high Spain's colonies, those gentlemen, the orthat it is found by scent, not sight. Wherechid hunters, will have reason to rejoice. ever it grows, it is overrun with ant swarms, East or west these tropic islands are among red ants, not very large, but warlike, and the happiest hunting grounds for the flowwith poisonous stings. The minute a tree ers of the air. Yearly many men go in trunk trembles beneath axe-strokes these search of them at inconceivable risk of life ants swarm down and attack the cutters and limb. Some few are scientific enthusimost viciously, often forcing them to susasts, or the agent of scientific institutes. the flowers will not live and bloom away Not every man can hunt orchids successfrom the ants. Boughs overrun with their fully-in this calling, as in most others, roots have been submerged until the antcolonies were all drowned, then packed and shipped with the rest. But though given worth while to be told that the business of everything that the most finicky orchid orchid growing and orchid collecting, though ould ask in the way of light, heat and begun as late as 1830, now employs a good moisture, they have merely drooped and ninety greatgrandchildren, many millions of capital. Both here and pined through one year to die the next of abroad there are collections whose value

Then there are serpents, poison insects and vines and herbs as poisonous, to say nothing of panthers, pumas, hurricanes, and tropic thunderbolts. Over against them set the pleasures of absolute lordship, the wonderful sights and sounds of the strangely beautiful tropic world, and beyond all that, the hope, ever-present, ever luring, of stumbling on a new flower worth many times its weight in gold.

These are the prizes in the lottery of orchids-hence the necessity of hunting them in their season of bloom. The roots come snugly packed in wooden boxes. Curiously, they will not bear the least touch of metal. The boxes are commonly dove-tailed, and often beautiful specimens of native joiner work. Each box is carefully labeled, dated, and marked with the temperature and altitude at which the plants it holds were found. Then, with more boxes of its own sort, i is slung one side of a sleek bullock, and balanced with still other boxes while the beast ambles and stumbles his way to the

PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

"Auntie, has kitty got pins in her toes?"

KNOWLTON DANDERINE CO., Chicago, Illinois. "I suppose so." "Don't you wish they were

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safety-pins?"

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"Well, Johnnie," said the minister to a little boy, "I hear you are going to school "Yes, sir," was the reply. "And what now. part of it do you like best?" asked the good man. "Comin' home," was the prompt and truthful answer.

Teacher-Bobby, if your mother gave your sister six apples to divide equally with you, how many would you get?

Teacher-Why, Bobby, you'd get three ap-

Bobby-You don't know my sister. "I just think our mamma is an awful gos sip." said 6-year-old Walter to his little sis-"Oh, how can you say such a thing?" she exclaimed. "Well, that's just what she

is," replied the little fellow. "Everything

I do she runs and tells papa.. A gossiping

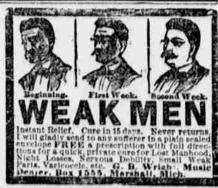
woman makes me tired. Ethel-Mother, can I take my wax doll to heaven with me when I die? Ethel, you cannot take your dolls to heaven Ethel-Can't I take these little bits of dollies? Mother-No. Ethel-Well, can't I even take my rag doll? Mother-I told you, Ethel, that you could not take any of your dolls to heaven with you. Ethel-Well.

then, I'll take the whole lot and go to the

bad place. Tommy, aged 5, and his cousin Willie, aged 6, had several little altercations, in which Tommy invariably got the worst of One day his mamma said to him: "Tommy, tomorrow is Willie's birthday wouldn't you like to give him something? "You just better believe I would," was the pend work. A more curious thing is that reply; "but you see, he's bigger than I am and I can't.'

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